

# Chiffon and Champagne

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By Ruth Wagner

EVERYBODY LOVES a fashion show, it seems, if it takes place at the French Embassy with the blessing of the gay and glamorous Mme. Herve Alphanand, and has dancing afterward.

Ambassador and Mme. Alphanand used just that formula on Friday evening when the embassy was the setting for the fantastic fashions of Pierre Cardin.

Half the audience of several hundred was male, a good percentage of them VIPs from ambassadors to cabinet members, but they all watched with fascination the

skinny, pale-lipped big-eyed models who walked and spun quickly through the rooms in chin-muffling scarf suits, bat-winged coats, shifty crepe and chiffon cocktail dresses, feather-trimmed hostess pajamas and evening gowns a-glitter with beads.

After an interlude of champagne and canapés, the emphasis shifted from fashion to footwork, as Devron and his orchestra tuned up for dancing. The mannequins in their finale costumes became animated to join in enthusiastically.



**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED:** CIA director John A. McCone looks merely genial as he embraces Mrs. Robert Kennedy just

before the start of the Cardin fashion show, but whatever he is telling her must be the funniest thing she had heard.

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